

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning; and is forwarded Weekly, or in Monthly or Quarterly Parts, throughout the British Dominions.

No. 123. LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1821. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

The History of Madeira. With a Series of Twenty-seven Coloured Engravings, illustrative of the Customs, Manners, and Occupations of the Inhabitants of that Island. London, 1821.

AMONG the few places which possess attractive features for the pen and the pencil, and yet have been hitherto neglected by both, is the Island of Madeira; a place interesting from its situation in the track of British commerce, and more particularly so from its excellent climate, which is found by experience to be highly beneficial to British invalids, in cases where their native air fails to produce relief.

The work before us contains a good historical and topographical sketch of the island, and the manners of the people are displayed, (correctly we doubt not,) in a series of excellent engravings, from designs by a resident in the island. 'These designs,' says the author in his preface, 'being made with a view to display character as well as dress and figure, appropriate thoughts naturally arising from the description, have been ventured, to increase the interest of the picture; and it is hoped that the effect will not be lessened by their being clothed in verse. In this respect, the desire to please will, perhaps, awaken indulgence, if it cannot excite praise.' We confess we like our author's prose better than his poetry; but the embellishments, (which are the principal features of the work,) are of sufficient merit to compensate for any defects of style in the poetical part of the work.

The island of Madeira is a valuable possession of the kingdom of Portugal, in the Atlantic Ocean, and has belonged to that power ever since its first discovery. The island displays the figure of an irregular quadrangle, and is formed of lofty mountains, hills, and fruitful valleys. Its more elevated parts generally rise in a gradual ascent, the highest point of land being a mile and a-half above the level of the sea. The island

presents, in some places, the most enchanting scenery, abounding with all the softer pictures of natural beauty; while in others, huge rocks, lofty precipices, deep valleys, and rushing torrents, combine the most awful and charming examples of the sublime and beautiful, with their accessory features in the landscape of nature; uniting the delights of Arcadia with Alpine magnificence.

Although Madeira is, by some writers, said to have been known to the ancient geographers, and its discovery is, by others, attributed to John Gonsalvo and Tristram, navigators employed or at least encouraged by Henry, Infant of Portugal, yet the most concurrent testimony attributes it to an English gentleman, of the name of Robert Machin, who, in the reign of Edward the Third, was shipwrecked on the island. The story of Machin, though wearing much of the air of romance, is believed in the outline to be founded in truth.

Machin was much enamoured of a young lady, whose name was D'Arfet or D'Orset; but her parents forced her contrary to her wishes, to marry a nobleman of high rank, Machin being thrown into prison until the odious marriage was accomplished. When released, he determined to carry off the bride, and succeeded; he then embarked with her in a small vessel at Bristol, and set sail for France; but tempestuous weather drove them into the main ocean, and the first land they made was the then undiscovered Island of Madeira. Here they landed; but, before they had removed any of the ship's contents on shore for their immediate accommodation, the vessel was driven out to sea, and it was supposed lost. This preyed so much on the mind of the lady, that she shortly expired in the arms of her distracted lover:—

'He could not sustain the shock of this overwhelming loss, and lived but a few days to lament her. This sad interval he employed in erecting a memorial to perpetuate his fidelity, affection, and misfortunes:

'He laid her in the earth,
Himself scarce living; and, upon her tomb,

Beneath the beauteous tree where they reclin'd,
Plac'd the last tribute of his earthly love.

'In the last cruel moments of his expiring life, Machin implored his friends to consign his remains to the same grave which contained those of his beloved Anna, who had sacrificed so much for him. This request was religiously fulfilled at the foot of an altar, erected under a tree of wide-spreading beauty, against whose stupendous stem was placed a large cross of cedar, which time seems to have venerated, as it still remains to excite the sympathizing feelings of those who visit the spot. Near this sacred emblem, was an inscription dictated by the dying lover, containing his sad history, and which concluded with a pious request, that if any Christians should, at some future period, form a settlement in that island, they would there erect a church, and consecrate it to the Redeemer of Mankind;—a devout hope, which, in the providential course of human events, has been since fulfilled.'

The distressed followers of Machin embarked in a boat or canoe, which they had either made or preserved, and put to sea. They were driven to the coast of Barbary, and there made captives. While at Morocco, they communicated their adventure to a fellow-slave, a Spaniard, of the name of Juan de Morales, who was soon after ransomed. On his return to Spain, he was taken prisoner off the coast of Algarve, and carried into Lisbon by Gonsalvez Zarco, a celebrated Portuguese navigator, to whom he related the curious and extraordinary narrative of his English companions at Morocco. Zarco communicated the intelligence to his sovereign, who immediately ordered a ship to be fitted out, the command of which he gave to him, with a view to the discovery of the island. Zarco sailed for Algarve on the 1st of June, 1419, and made the eastern-most point of the island on the 14th of the same month. Zarco disembarked on the 2nd of July, and paid a pious visit to the sepulchre of the two lovers. Mass was celebrated, and the service for the dead, according to the Romish ritual, was performed over the tomb of Machin and his lady; and the ceremony was concluded by laying the first stone of a

small church, which was afterwards completed of wood, and dedicated, according to Machin's last wish—to the Redeemer of the World.

The navigators saw no human inhabitants on the island, nor any ferocious animals or poisonous reptiles; but numerous flocks of birds of the most beautiful plumage. It abounded with wood, and the ground was covered with odoriferous herbs. When it was determined to convert it into a Portuguese colony, the immense woods were set on fire, and the conflagration is said to have lasted during several years. Zarco was appointed governor of the island, and three young Portuguese noblemen married his daughters, and had ample grants of land, and from them are descended the principal families of Madeira.

We have already mentioned the climate of Madeira, which is indebted for its boasted salubrity to the uniformity of its temperature; the soil is most fertile, and is capable of producing the fruits and vegetables of almost every quarter of the globe. Not only the tropical fruits, but even those of the north arrive here at the utmost perfection:—

'This island lays claim to its having been the first situation in the western world, where the *arundo saccharifera*, or the sugar-cane, was cultivated. It most probably was introduced from the east soon after the island was discovered; but at what particular period, there are no existing means of ascertaining. From hence it was transplanted to the Brazils, and it is said to be owing to a most destructive blight that it ceased, in a great measure, to be cultivated here, when the vine succeeded, and has continued to form the wealth of the island; but the small quantity of the sugar that is still produced is uncommonly fine, and is said to emit an odour similar to that of the violet. Another account mentions, that when the island was first colonized, Prince Henry of Portugal caused the sugar-cane to be transplanted hither from Sicily; and that at one time there were forty sugar-mills on the island, that article then forming the staple commodity. Now there is only one mill remaining; but in this description the excellence of the sugar and its odoriferous quality is confirmed.'

Madeira has long been celebrated for its grapes, of which it produces almost every variety, in great perfection:—

'The vine was introduced into Madeira from the island of Cyprus, but at what period rests upon very dubious conjecture. It is not easy to reconcile the character of Chaptal for accuracy in his philosophical inquiries, when he mentions that, in the year 1420, vines were

already planted in this island. At all events, there must be a confusion in the dates, as the island itself, according to the Portuguese historians, had been discovered only in the preceding year; and, if so, there could scarcely be a sufficient quantity of land cleared away to produce the common necessities of life, much less to plant vineyards; and if a conflagration of the woods which overspread the country, and lasted several years, as is generally related, was necessary to prepare the island for cultivation, a much later period must be referred to for introducing this fortunate plant into Madeira.'

From the variety of grapes grown in this island, it might be concluded, that each could be made to produce wine of its own specific character:—

'But, in general, the different grapes are all mixed together in making that wine which exclusively bears the name of the island, except the Malmsey and Sercial grapes; the former affording a wine superior to any sweet wine, and the latter another superior to any dry wine. The Tinto grape also gives a wine which has the flavour of Burgundy, but is commonly mixed with the other wines. There is one extraordinary kind, which is merely used as a desert fruit, about the size of a muscle-plum, and the clusters are so large as sometimes to weigh twenty pounds.

'The vines run on trellises of cane-work, about three feet from the ground, and the vintage begins early in the month of September; when the singular precaution is necessary to tie up all the dogs to prevent their getting at the grapes, of which those animals are voraciously fond. The rats, lizards, and wasps are also great enemies to the ripened clusters.

'The process of making the wine is very simple. The grapes, when cut, are immediately consigned to the press, which is a large wooden trough, not unlike the cider-press in England, over which is a large clumsy lever, connected with other machinery. When the trough is nearly filled, the due number of bare-legged peasants appointed for the purpose, enter the machine, and by the active tread of their feet, press out the juice, which runs into a vessel beneath. The husks or stalks are then collected and pressed with the lever, which pressure is occasionally extended to the fourth time. The best wine is said to be produced on the south side of the island, and when first made is as deep-coloured as port. It ferments for about six weeks after it is made.

'There is some difference in the accounts given of the quantity of wine made in Madeira; but the most authentic average appears to be, from twenty-five to thirty thousand pipes, the greater part of which is exported, and the rest is consumed in the island. It does not, however, attain its due state of perfection till it has acquired a certain age in Madeira, or been transported to a warmer climate,

and deposited there for a longer or shorter period. Hence has arisen the practice of sending such wines as are intended for British consumption, a voyage to the West Indies, or round the East Indies, China, and the Brazils; which experience has determined to be essential to their excellence.'

The land owners of Madeira do not manage their farms, but appoint certain portions to be cultivated, for which they give the tenant one half of the produce. Of the people of Madeira we are told,—

'The native inhabitants, more particularly the labouring classes, are of a more dark and swarthy complexion than those of the colder climates of Europe; for which, it is probable, they may be indebted to a Mulatto or Moorish origin, in common with the natives of the parent branch of the peninsula, from which they are derived. It is only a few of the first families who bear any the least resemblance in complexion, to the fair inhabitants of northern Europe; and this difference may be traced to a superior extraction. These islanders are generally of a middle stature, but athletic, well-limbed, active, and of great muscular strength, which renders them capable of sustaining the greatest fatigue; so much so, that they are often reduced to an emaciation of body, and debility of constitution, which brings on premature old age; though long life appears to be, otherwise, among the privileges which nature seems disposed to confer on them. The peasantry are sober, economical, and not merely inoffensive in their manners, but of dispositions the most courteous towards strangers, as among themselves. When they meet one of the latter, [former] they take off their cap, and "hope the Lord will prosper him;" and when they meet each other, they stand cap in hand, with ceremonious politeness, though under a perpendicular sun, and the reflected heat of a rock, till they have satisfied each other as to the welfare of their wives, children, relatives, acquaintance, cattle, domestic animals, &c.; and it is a point of ceremony not immediately to be settled, which of the friendly social party shall first return the cap to its appropriate situation.

'The higher classes, on the contrary, are inclined to corpulence, as they are inactive and indolent, which may be one cause of it; and this disposition is attended with a temper somewhat morose, and a tendency to melancholy. Though sober, in respect to their libations to Bacchus, the presiding divinity of the island, they frequently indulge their appetite to excess in the luxury of the table. From this circumstance, with the sedentary life to which they habituate themselves, they become subject to chronic disorders, which are followed by the debilities of premature old age.

'The youth, or at least the bloom and

gaiety of female life, is also greatly shortened, by early marriages and a numerous offspring. The mothers have often from six to twelve children, whom they generally suckle; a duty which they often protract beyond the period that nature requires, even for two or three years.'

Funchal, the capital of Madeira, contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, which is considered as the fifth part of the population of the island. It is situated at the foot of a lofty range of mountains, forming a magnificent amphitheatre:—

'In a corner of the Franciscan convent, is a small chamber, which, though, from its dismal furniture, it may not invite a visit from the gay or the cheerful, may induce the curious to examine such an arrangement of mortality. Its ceilings and walls are completely covered with human skulls and thigh bones, placed in such a manner as to form a kind of triangle, with a skull fixed in the points. A figure of St. Francis is represented as balancing a saint and a sinner, to ascertain which is the heaviest. From the ceiling is suspended a small lamp, calculated to give sufficient light to display a scene which might as well be consigned to utter darkness. The number of these bones is calculated at upwards of three thousand. For what rational purpose they are thus curiously preserved, it is idle to inquire; and what object of superstition, none but the superstitious will pretend to determine.'

Intending to divide our notice of this interesting and elegant volume, we shall, for the present, only detach one or two passages:—

Superstition.—'About three miles from the town, up the country, is a very handsome church, called Nosa Senhora do Monte, in which are some scripture paintings, and a fine organ, with other decorations suited to the character of the place. The image of the patron saint is preserved with the most devout care, in a glass case, on the great altar. She is about two feet in height, dressed in a flaxen wig, and decorated with a profusion of gold chains and precious stones, which, at different periods, have been the pious offerings of wealthy devotees.

'After the destructive flood in the year 1803, this image was brought into the town, with the greatest possible pomp and solemnity, being attended by the principal clergy, the military, in their best array, and the civil authorities, as there was no doubt of her presence proving a certain, and, indeed, providential protection against any further deluge; and, after being received with the celebration of all due honours, and remaining some months in the cathedral, she was returned to her own altar, with all the solemnity with which she had been conducted to the city; as the church dedicated to her was built on the spot where, according to the monkish legends, she

was originally found, soon after the first discovery of the island.

'Pilgrimages are daily made to her shrine; and the sailor, who is accustomed to danger, and laughs at fear, is seen to ask for added security against the perils of the sea, which he devoutly believes that she can afford him. It is the custom for sailors, after they have landed safely on the island, to go about the streets begging alms, in order to pay the clergy for saying masses in their behalf, at her altar. An entire crew, headed by their captain, are to be seen trudging barefoot up the steep road that leads to the church of Nossa Senhora do Monte, carrying their top-sails with them in procession, accompanied by an appraiser, who, in the presence of some priest belonging to the church, affixes a value on the sails; the value, being thus determined, is paid into the hands of the holy man, to defray the expense of celebrating masses, in favour of the vessel to which the sails belong, at the shrine of the saint.'

Funerals.—'It is the custom here to bury the dead within twenty-four hours after their demise. They bear the body on an open bier to the place of interment, with the face and arms exposed to full view, attended by a concourse of priests and friars, chanting a funeral dirge; then follow the friends of the deceased; and the procession is closed by a motley tribe of beggars, bearing torches. When the body is consigned to the grave, a quantity of lime and vinegar is thrown in to consume it, in order to make room for others, as the church itself is the exclusive place of interment. If relatives were to attend funerals, it would be considered as a mark of indifference; and widows, in the higher stations of life, never cross the threshold for twelve months after the death of their husbands. It is only since the year 1770, that the Portuguese have withdrawn their uncharitable regulations relative to the burial of Protestants. Previous to that period, their dead bodies were thrown into the sea.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Expedience; a Satire. By Julius. Book I. 8vo. pp. 35. London, 1821.

If our readers are not absolutely conjurers, we suspect there is not one of them will guess the subject of this satire by its title, for surely never were title and subject more at variance. Who, except 'Julius,' would ever dream of calling a coarse attack on the Queen, now that the grave has closed upon her—'Expedience?' Is it expedient to insult the memory of the dead, and to abuse every nobleman who dared to defend an injured woman while groaning under an oppressive prosecution? Surely not, and we envy not the feelings of the man who is ca-

pable of such malignity, nor his sense, when he can call it *expedience*: and, as for the nobles thus abused, they may truly say with Sir William Davenant, it is a—

'Libel of such weak fancy and composure,
That we do all esteem it a greater wrong
To have our names extant in such paltry
Rhyme, than in the slanderous sense.'

Objecting, as we do, to the title and subject of this satire, we seek for some atoning, if not redeeming, quality in its merits; but we seek in vain, and we unhesitatingly proclaim that it has not one single feature to recommend it. Perhaps we shall be told we are severe; let then our readers judge for themselves, in the following passage, which relates to a meeting of the county of York, where Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Grantham, and the Black Dwarf, are the *dramatis personæ*. The Dwarf is exclaiming,—

'Who calls me coward—tho' of regal note,
He, a false villain! lieth in his throat!
I'd brave—' A shriek convulsive spoke the rest.

With brandish'd horsewhip Gr*anth*m stood
confess'd,

Prone at his feet the Dwarf persists to screech,
Thump after thump resounds upon his breech;
Ten thousand murders piteously he squeals—
Bellowing in tears, to F*tz, his friend, appeals.
The courtiers hollo—"F*tz! defend him,
F*tz!"

Faith! have you lost your valour or your
wits!"

Would'st a fac-simile of F*tz's face,
Its then surpassing glories of grimace;
What time at mirror thy devoirs are made,
A lump of alum 'twixt thy teeth be laid.

'Then Gr*anth*m—"Reptile; mark this whip
as eke

This whip hath marked thee; now truly speak,
What brought thee here?"—"My lord! my
lord! my lord!"

What, what! your lordship,—there he is my
lord."

Like a stuck pig, Lord Gr*anth*m star'd, and
fain,

Thinking he lied—had whipp'd the Dwarf
again.

When lo! a power unseen arrests his clench,—
In gath, oh! tell it not—the pow'r of stench.
To cork his nostrils firm was Gr*anth*m right,
Nor lag'd the court to hold their noses tight.

"Within there! ho!" unanimous they shout,
Pastils to perfume—tongs to take him out!"

Loiter the servants, loath to have the job,
And consequentially exclaim—a snob!

Stretching at arms length, fix the forceps fast,
Pinch him; then, mock-bepitying, gape aghast.
He, like a Savoy monkey, 'gainst its chain,
When tugg'd by stranger, tugg'd and screech'd
again.

Pinch follows gibe, and gibe succeeds to pinch,
The court, loud-laughing—"Man, what makes
you flinch?"

We can assure our readers that this is a fair specimen of 'Expedience, a Satire, by Julius,' of the merits of which we leave them to judge.

The Retrospective Review. No. VII.

THE last number of this popular and ably conducted review, justifies the hopes that were first entertained of it, and fully maintains the high character which it has gained among its contemporary periodicals. To the lovers of early English literature, the *Retrospective Review*, by pointing out the stores and selecting some of its gems, must afford a rich treat; and even those who may not be anxious to hold converse with the dead through the medium of their works, will scarcely fail of gratification, in the interesting extracts which it gives from books of approved merit, interspersed with acute critical remarks and ingenious reflections.

The seventh number, published on the 1st of August, contains ten articles, namely, *The Life of Cellini*,—*The Poetical Literature of Spain*,—*Dryden's Prose Works*,—*Lawrence's Arnalte and Lucenda*,—*Ascham's Toxophilus*,—*Davenport's King John and Matilda*,—*Andrew Fletcher's Political Works*,—*Lovelace's Lucasta*,—*Wynne's History of the Gwedir Family*; and, lastly, *The Early English Drama*.

The first article is a good but brief analysis of the life of that ingenious artist and entertaining auto-biographer, Benvenuto Cellini, 'a man of great genius and uncommon versatility of talents: caressed alike by kings, popes, and dignitaries of the church of Rome; esteemed by men of learning; lauded by the most eminent artists of his time, and beloved by his acquaintance.'

From the account of the poetical literature of Spain, which is a well-written article, we shall quote an extract. It is a sonnet from a MS. volume of verses, written on occasion of the death of the Queen of Charles II. and shows the ingenious trifling of some of the Spanish poets. It is as follows:

'D eidad que sin llegar à senectu D
O s O Cloto cogerte en tu veid O r
N o el N acer Reyna tu tempra N a flor
A leanz A hacer etern A tu salud
M ira el M aio des M ayò en ataud
A romas A un ex A la su vapor
R egia Pyra R ub R ica dento ardor
I enta la mejor L is; no su virtu
A liento el A ur A fué de su vivir
L ofatal entre f L ores L eve huella
U igor det U hermosura f U é morir
I nsufr I ble dolor pens I on de bella
S u S pende lyra llora este S entir
A spira à Elisios campos a cogell A.

'Not having indulged in attempts of this kind, we were not a little surprised at the facility with which, in twenty minutes,

the following imitation of the above sonnet was produced. If, in our not very manageable language—at least in versification—such attempts are so little laborious, in an idiom so full of vowel terminations as the Spanish, the effort would be much less tedious than we had imagined.

'L ady! in whom the fairest graces dwell L
A w A ke to breathe the morning's fragrant A ir,
D escen D and charm our solitary D ell,—
Y on starr Y dew's invite thee, lad Y fair!
M any a M elody sweetly M ingles there,
A nd streams, A nd songs, A nd flowers of
sweetest smell
R ound the gay banks R ea R up their citadel
I n proud secur I ty, as tho' they were
A ppointed guardi A ns o'er A scene so sweet;
L ady! all nature L ooks out L ovely now;
U n counted beaU ties, tho U ghts most ex-
quisite,
I n hol I est union blend; a liv I ng glow
Seem S to pervade the world, & welcome S thee;
A ll, all is brightness now o'er heaven, eArth,
and sea.'

We pass on to the review of the poems of the unfortunate Colonel Lovelace, who was 'an instance of one of the most melancholy reverses of fortune to be found in the annals of a set of men, the early poets of England, distinguished for the calamitous variety of their adventures;' a gentleman who was remarkable for the beauty of his person and the elegant endowments of his mind; one of the most gay and sprightly courtiers of Charles I. but who, for his attachment to his sovereign, was so involved and so persecuted, that, says Anthony Wood, 'he became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloathes, (whereas when he was in his glory he wore cloth of gold and silver,) and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars and poorest of servants.' The 'polished Lovelace' died at a wretched lodging in Gunpowder Alley, near Shee Lane, and was buried at the west end of St. Bride's Church, among 'surfeit-slain fools, the common dung of the soil.' Lovelace was a charming poet, and, we think, deserves a higher praise than our critic awards him; we, however, agree with him fully as to the short poem which we shall quote, when he says,—

'The song called the *Scrutiny* is a most delightful piece of male coquetry. It is written in the happiest vein of the times. A declaration of infidelity so impudent yet so ingenious, so cruel yet so easy and good humoured, so saucy and vain yet with such apparent good grounds for confidence, that even the deserted lady would instantly resign herself to the conviction that no chains, however binding, no charms, however powerful, could detain so inconstant a gallant:—

"Why should you swear I am forsworn?
Since thine I vow'd to be;
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

"Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

"Not but all joy in thy brown hair,
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists, that sound
For treasure in unplug'd-up ground.

"Then, if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Ev'n sated with variety."

'Wynne's History of the Gwedir Family,' is chiefly interesting from the clear and comprehensive view which it exhibits of the manners of the Welsh at a time when they were little better than barbarians. The following extracts give a singular picture of the Cambro-Britons about the middle of the fifteenth century:—

'The beginning of the quarrell and unkindness between Jevan ab Robert and Howel ab Rice ab Howel Vaughan, grew in this sort. Jevan ab Robert, after his sister's death, upon some mis-like, left the company of Howel ab Rice, and accompanied John ab Meredith, his nephew, and his children, who were at continuall bate with Howel ab Rice. The fashion was, in those days, that the gentlemen and their retainers met commonly every day, to shoote matches and masteries; there was noe gentleman of worth in the coun- trey but had a wine cellar of his owne, *which wine was sold to his profit*; thither came his friends to meete him, and there spent the day in shooting, wrestling, throwing the sledge, and other acts of activitie, and drinking very moderately withall, not according to *healthing** and gluttonous manner of our dayes.

'Howel ab Rice ab Howel did draw a draught† upon Jevan ab Robert ab Meredith, and sent a brother of his to lodge over night at his house of Keselgyfarch, to understand which way Jevan ab Robert ab Meredith meant to goe the next day, who was determined to shoote a match with John ab Meredith's children at Llanvihangel y Pennant, not farre from John ab Meredith's house. This being understood, the spie (Howel ab Rice's brother) slips away in the night to his brother, and lets him know where he should lay for him. Now had Howel ab Rice provided a butcher for the purpose, that should have murdered him; for he had direction by Howel to keepe himselfe free, and not to undertake any of the company until he

* 'That is—drinking of healths.'

† This is a phrase frequently used by our author, and implies drawing a plan, or settling a scheme.'

saw them in a medley, and every man fighting. Then was his chardge to come behinde the tallest man in the company, (for otherwise he knew him not, being a stranger,) and to knocke him down; for Howel ab Rice sayd,—“Thou shalt soone discerne him from the rest by his stature, and he will make way before him. There is a foster-brother of his, one Robin ab Inko, a little fellow, that useth to watch him behind; take heed of him; for, be the encountre never soe hotte, his eye is ever on his foster-brother.” Jevan ab Robert, according as he was appointed, went that morning with his ordinary company towards Llanvihangel to meete John ab Meredith. You are to understand, that in those dayes, and in that wilde worlde, *every man stood upon his guard, and went not abroad but in sort and soe armed, as if he went to the field to encountre with his enemies.* Howel ab Rice ab Howel Vaughan's sister, being Jevan ab Robert's wife, went a mile, or thereabout, with her husband and the company, talking with them, and soe parted with them; and in her way homewards, she met her brother a horseback, with a great company of people armed, and rideing after her husband as fast as they could. On this, she cried out upon her brother, and desired him, for the love of God, not to harme her husband, that meant him noe harme; and withall steps to his horse, meaning to have caught him by the bridle, which he seeing, turned his horse about. She then caught the horse by the tail, hanging upon him soe long, and crying upon her brother, that, in the end, he drew out his short-sword, and strucke at her arme, which she perceiving, was faine to lett slippe her hold, and running before him to a narrow passage, whereby he must pass through a brooke, where there was a foot-bridge, near the ford. She then steps to the foot-bridge, and takes away the *canllaw* or hand-stay of the bridge, and with the same letts flie at her brother, and, if he had not avoyded the blow, she had strucke him downe from his horse.

—Furor arma ministrat.—

Howel ab Rice and his company, within a while, overtooke Jevan ab Robert and his followers, who turned head upon him, though greatlie overmatched. The bickering grew very hotte, and many were knocked downe on either side. In the end, when that should be performed which they came for, the murdering butcher haveing not strucke one stroake all day, but watching opportunity, and finding the company more scattered than at first from Jevan ab Robert, thrust himselfe among Jevan ab Robert's people behind, and makeing a blow at him, was prevented by Robin ab Inko, his foster-brother, and knocked downe; God bringing upon his head the destruction that he meant for another; which Howel ab Rice perceiving, cryed to his people, “Let us away and begone, for I had given chardge that Robin ab Inko should have been better

looked unto.” And soe that bickering brake, with the hurt of many, and the death of that one man.

‘It fortun'd anon after, that the parson of Llanvrothen* took a child of Jevan ab Robert's to foster, which sore grieved Howel Vaughan's wife, her husbaud haveing then more land in that parish than Jevan ab Robert had; in revenge whereof she plotted the death of the said parson in this manner. She sent a woman to aske lodgeing of the parson, who used not to deny any. The woman being in bed, after midnight, began to strike and to rave; whereupon the parson, thinking that she had been distracted, awakening out of his sleepe, and wondering at so suddaine a crie in the night, made towards her and his household also; then she sayed that he would have ravished her, and soe got out of doores, threatening revenge to the parson. This woman had for her brethren, three notable rogues of the damn'd crewe, fit for any mischiefe, being followers of Howel ab Rice. In a morning, these brethren watched the parson, as he went to looke to his cattle, in a place in that parish called Gogo yr Llechwin, being now a tenement of mine, and there murdered him; and two of them fled to Chirkeland in Denbighshire, to some of the Trevors, who were friends or a-kinne to Howel ab Rice or his wife. It was the manner in those dayes, that the murderer onely, and he that gave the death's wound, should flye, and he was called in Wales a *llawrudd*, which is a *red hand*, because he had blouded his hand; the accessories and abettors to the murderers were never hearken'd after.’

The notice of the ‘Early English Drama’ is the last of a series of articles on the subject which have appeared in the ‘Retrospective Review,’ and is confined to an examination of the works of Marlow, whose genius and talents are very fairly estimated.

CULINARY CURIOSITIES*.

The following specimen of the unaccountably whimsical harlequinade of foreign kitchens, is from ‘La Chapelle’ Nouveau Cuisinier, Paris, 1748.

‘A turkey,’ in the shape of ‘a football,’ or ‘a hedge-hog.’—‘A shoulder of mutton,’ in the shape of a ‘bee-hive.’—‘Entrée of pigeons,’ ‘in the form of a spider,’ or *sun-fashion*, or ‘in the form of a frog,’ or in ‘the form of the moon.’—Or, ‘to make a pig taste like a wild boar.’—Take a living pig, and let him swallow the following drink, viz. boil together in vinegar and water, some rosemary, thyme,

* ‘Llanvrothen is a small village near the sea-side, in Merionethshire.’

† We extract this curious article from that excellent *Vade Mecum* for all good housekeepers and epicures, the ‘Cook's Oracle,’ a work which we shall notice more at length in a week or two; when we can sit down with a good appetite to digest it.—*Ed.*

sweet basil, bay-leaves, and sage; when you have let him swallow this, immediately whip him to death, and roast him forthwith. How ‘to still a cocke for a weake bodie that is consumed;’ ‘take a red cocke that is not too olde, and beate him to death.’—See the Booke of Cookrye, very necessary for all such as delight therein.—Gathered by A. W. 1591, 12mo. p. 12. How to Roast a pound of BUTTER, curiously and well; and to farce (the culinary technical for to stuff) a boiled leg of lamb with red herrings and garlick; with many other receipts of as high a relish, and of as easy digestion as the Devil's renison, i. e. a roasted tiger stuffed with tenpenny nails, or the ‘Bonne Bouche,’ the rareskin rowskimowmowsky, offered to Baron Munchausen ‘a fricassee of pistols, with gunpowder and alcohol sauce,’—see the Adventures of Baron Munchausen, 12mo. 1792, p. 200:—and the horrible but authentic account of Ardesoif, in Moubray's Treatise on Poultry, 8vo. 1816, p. 18.

But the most extraordinary of all the culinary receipts that have been under my eye, is the following diabolically cruel directions of Mizald's. ‘How to roast and eat a goose alive.’—Take a goose, or a duck, or some such lively creature, (but a goose is best of all for this purpose,) pull off all her feathers, only the head and neck must be spared: then make a fire round about her, not too close to her, that the smoke do not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon; nor too far off, that she may not escape free: within the circle of the fire let there be set small cups and pots full of water, wherein salt and honey are mingled; and let there be set also chargers full of sodden apples, cut into small pieces in the dish. The goose must be all larded, and basted over with butter, to make her the more fit to be eaten, and may roast the better: put then fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when as you see her begin to roast; for, by walking about, and flying here and there, being coop'd in by the fire that stops her way out, the unwearied goose is kept in; she will fall to drink the water to quench her thirst, and cool her heart, and all her body, and the apple sauce will make her dung, and cleanse and empty her. And when she roasteth and consumes inwardly, always wet her head and heart with a wet sponge; and when you see her giddy with running, and begin to stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up, set her before your guests, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she be dead: it is mighty pleasant to behold!!!—See Wecker's Secrets of Nature, in folio, London, 1660, pp. 148, 309.

We suppose Mr. Mizald stole this receipt from the kitchen of his infernal majesty; probably it might have been one of the dishes the devil ordered when he invited Nero and Caligula to a feast.—A. C. Jun.

This is also related in Baptista Porta's *Natural Magicke*, fol. 1658, p. 321. This very curious (but not scarce) book contains, among other strange tricks and fancies of 'the Olden Time,' directions 'how to ROAST and BOIL a fowl at the same time, so that one half shall be ROASTED—and the other BOILED;'—and 'if you have a lacke of cooks—how to persuade a goose—to roast himselfe !!!'

Many articles were in vogue in the 14th century which are now obsolete—we add the following specimens of the Culinary Affairs of Days of Yore.

Sauce for a Goose, A. D. 1381.

'Take a faire panne, and set hit under the goose whill she rostes;—and kepe clene the grese that droppes thereof, and put thereto a godele (good deal) of wyn, and a litel vynegur, and verjus, and onyons mynced, or garlek; then take the gottes (gut) of the goose and slitte hom, and scrape hom clene in watur and salt, and so wash hom, and hack hom small, then do all this togedur in a piffenent (pipkin) and do thereto raisinges of corance, and poudre of pepur and of ginger and of canell, and hole clowes and maces, and let hit boyle and serve hit forthe.'

'That unwieldy marine animal, the PORPUS, was dressed in a variety of modes, salted, roasted, stewed, &c. Our ancestors were not singular in their partiality to it; I find, from an ingenious friend of mine, that it is even now, A. D. 1790, sold in the markets of most towns in Portugal—the flesh of it is intolerably hard and rancid.'—Warner's *Antiq. Cul.* 4to. p. 15.

The swan * was also a dish of state, and in high fashion when the elegance of the feast was estimated by the magnitude of the articles of which it was composed; the number consumed at Earl of Northumberland's table, A. D. 1512, amounted to twenty.'—Northumberland's *Household Book*, p. 108.

The CRANE was a darling dainty in William the Conqueror's time, and so partial was that monarch to it, that when his prime favourite, William Fitz Osborne, the steward of the household, served him with a crane scarcely half roasted, the king was so highly exasperated, that he lifted up his fist, and would have stricken him, had not *Euds* (appointed *Dapifer* immediately after) warded off the blow.'—Warner's *Antiq. Cul.* p. 12.

SEALS, CURLEWS, HERONS, BITTERNS, and the PEACOCK—that noble bird, 'the food of lovers and the meat of lords—was also at this time in high fashion—when the baronial entertainments were characterized by a grandeur and pompous ceremonial, approaching nearly to the magnificence of royalty: there was scarcely any royal or noble feast without *pecokkes*, which were stuffed with spices and sweet-

* It is a curious illustration of the *de gustibus non est disputandum*, that the ancients considered the swan as a high delicacy, and abstained from the flesh of the goose as impure and indigestible.'—Moubray on Poultry, p. 36.

herbs, roasted and served up whole, and covered after dressing with the skin and feathers—the beak and comb gilt, and the tail spread—and some instead of the feathers, covered it with leaf-gold:—it was a common dish on grand occasions—and continued to adorn the English table till the beginning of the 17th century.

In Massinger's play of 'the City Madam,' Holdfast exclaiming against city luxury, says, 'three fat wethers bruised, to make sauce for a single peacock.'

The bird is one of those luxuries which were often sought, because they were seldom found: its scarcity and external appearance is its only recommendation—the meat of it is tough and tasteless.

Another favourite dish at the tables of our forefathers was a *pye* of stupendous magnitude, out of which, on its being opened, a flock of living birds flew forth, to the no small surprise and amusement of the guests.

'Four-and-twenty blackbirds bak'd in a pye; When the pye was open'd the birds began to sing—

Oh! what a dainty dish—'tis fit for any king.

This was a common joke at an old English feast. These *animated* pies were often introduced 'to set on,' as Hamlet says, 'a quantity of barren spectators to laugh,'—there is an instance of a dwarf undergoing such an *incrustation*.—About the year 1630, King Charles and his Queen were entertained by the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, at Burleigh on the Hill, on which occasion, JEFFREY HUDSON, the *Dwarf*, was served up in a cold pye.—See Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. ii, p. 14.

The BARON OF BEEF was another favourite and substantial support of old English hospitality.

Among the most polished nations of the 15th and 16th centuries, the *powdered* (salted) *horse* seems to have been a dish in some esteem: *Grimalkin* herself could not escape the undistinguishing fury of the cook. Don Anthony, of Guevera, the Chronicler to Charles V., gives the following account of a feast at which he was present. 'I will tell you no lye, I sawe such kindes of meates eaten, as are wont to be sene, but not eaten—as a HORSE roasted—a CAT *in gely*—LYZARDS in hot brothe, FROGGES fried, &c.'

While we are thus considering the curious dishes of olden times, we will cursorily mention the *singular diet* of two or three nations of antiquity, noted by Herodotus, L. 4. The Androphagi (the cannibals of the ancient world) greedily devoured the carcasses of their fellow creatures; while the inoffensive Cabri (a Scythian tribe) found both food and drink in the agreeable nut of the pontic tree. The Lotophagi lived entirely on the fruit of the lotus tree. The savage Troglodyte esteemed a *living serpent* the most delicate of all morsels; while the capricious palate of the Zyguntini preferred the *ape* to every thing.'—Vide Warner's *Antiq. Cul.* p. 135.

The Romans, in the luxurious period of their empire, took five meals a-day; a breakfast (*jentaculum*); a dinner, which was a light meal without any formal preparation (*prandium*); a kind of *tea*, as we could call it, between dinner and supper (*merenda*); a supper (*cæna*), which was their great meal, and commonly consisted of two courses; the first of meats—the second, what we call a dessert;—and a posset, or something delicious after supper (*comissatio*).—Adams's *Rom. Antiq.* p. 434 and 447.

The Romans usually began their entertainments with eggs, and ended with fruits; hence AB OVO USQUE AD MALA, from the beginning to the end of supper, Horat. Sat. i. 3. 6.; Cic. Fam. ix. 20.

The dishes (*edulia*) held in the highest estimation by the Romans are enumerated, Gell. vii. 16., Macrobi. Sat. ii. 9., Martial v. 79. ix. 48. xi. 53., &c. a peacock (PAVO, v. us), Horat. Sat. ii. 2. 23., Juvenal i. 143., first used by Hortensius, the orator, at a supper, which he gave when admitted into the college of priests (*adituali cænâ sacerdotii*), Plin. x. 20. s. 23., a pheasant (PHASIANA, ex Phasi Colchidis fluvio), Martial iii. 58. xiii. 72., Senec. ad Helv. 9., Petron. 79., Manil. v. 372., a bird called *Attagen vel-ina*, from Ionia or Phrygia, Horat. Eopd. ii. 54., Martial. xiii. 61. a guinea-hen (*avis Afra*, Horat. ibid., *Gallina Numidica vel Africana*, Juvenal, xi. 142., Martial. xiii. 73.) a Melian crane; an Ambracian kid; nightingales, *lusciniæ*; thrushes *turdi*; ducks, geese, &c. TOMACULUM (*a τῆμα*), vel ISICIUM (ab *inseco*), sausages or puddings, Juvenal. x. 355., Martial. i. 42. 9., Petron. 31.—See Adam's *Roman Antiquities*, 2d Edition, 8vo. 1792, p. 447.

That the *English* reader may be enabled to form some idea of the heterogeneous messes with which the *Roman palate* was delighted, I introduce the following receipt from *Apicius*:—

'THICK SAUCE FOR A BOILED CHICKEN.'—Put the following ingredients into a mortar;—aniseed, dried mint, and lazer root, (similar to assafœtida,) cover them with vinegar.—Add dates; pour in liquamen, oil, and a small quantity of mustard seeds—reduce all to a proper thickness with Port wine warmed; and then pour this same over your chicken, which should previously be boiled in Anise-seed water.

The *Liquamen* and *Garum* were synonymous terms for the same thing; the former adopted in the room of the latter—about the age of *Aurelian*. It was a liquid, and thus prepared:—The *guts* of large fish and a variety of small fish, were put into a vessel and well salted, and then exposed to the sun till they became putrid. A liquor was produced in a short time, which being strained off, was the *liquamen*.—Vide Lister in *Apicius*, p. 16, notes.

Essence of Anchovy, as it is usually made for sale, when it has been opened about ten days, is not much unlike the

Roman *liquamen*. Some suppose it was the same thing as the Russian *caviar*, which is prepared from the roe of the sturgeon.

The BLACK BROTH of *Lacedæmon* will long continue to excite the wonder of the philosopher and the disgust of the epicure. What the ingredients of this sable composition were, we cannot exactly ascertain. Jul. Pollux says, the Lacedæmonian Black Broth was *blood*, thickened in a certain way: Dr. Lister (*in Apicium*) supposes it to have been *hog's blood*; if so, this celebrated Spartan dish bore no very distant resemblance to the *black-puddings* of our days. It could not be a very *alluring* mess, since a citizen of *Sybaris* having tasted it, declared it was no longer a matter of astonishment with him, why the *Spartans* were so fearless of death, since any one in his senses would much rather die, than exist on such execrable food.—Vide *Athenæum*, L. iv. c. 3. When Dionysius, the Tyrant, had tasted the *Black Broth*, he exclaimed against it as miserable stuff; the cook replied,—‘it was no wonder, for the sauce was wanting.’ ‘What sauce?’ says Dionysius. The answer was,—‘labour and exercise, hunger and thirst, these are the sauces we Lacedæmonians use,’ and they make the coarsest fare agreeable.—Cicero, 3 *Tuscul*.

Original Communications.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Conformably with the intention I intimated in my last communication, I now send you a few examples of ‘Literary Coincidences’ to be found in the expressions of eminent writers; and I leave it to your readers to determine how far some of them are to be set down as plagiarisms. But certainly this cannot be said of the whole.

My first instance shall be drawn from classical lore. Cicero, in one of his orations, has the following passage:—

‘Quid est, quod, in hoc tam exiguo vitæ curriculo et tam brevi, tantis nos in laboribus exerceamus?’

This sentiment, so beautifully amplified by Tully, we find thus more concisely expressed in one of the Odes of Horace:—

‘Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo Multa?’

Yet nothing was more natural, than that the poet and orator should have expressed themselves alike upon this occasion. The thought is perfectly natural; and, besides, plagiarism was not in fashion in those days.

There is a passage in ‘King Lear’ which bears a strong resemblance to one in Lucretius; yet no one will ac-

cuse our great bard of having pilfered from the philosophical Roman. I shall transcribe the two passages, and leave the reader to form his own conclusion:

Shakespeare.

‘Thou must be patient, we came crying hither;

Thou know’st the first time that we smell the air,

We wawle and cry—

When we are born, we cry that we are come To this great stage of fools.’

Lucretius.

‘Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,

Cui tantum in vitâ restet transire malorum.’

In Fenton’s tragedy of *Marianne*, are to be found these lines,—

‘Awhile she stood,

Transform’d from grief to marble, and appear’d Her own pale monument,’

which seem to have been, for the most part, literally translated from the following passage of Cyprian:—

‘Stetit ipsa sepulchrum,

‘Ipsaque imago sibi, formam sine corpore servans.’

It is not improbable, after all, however, that Fenton may never have read Cyprian.

Yet, whatever may be said of the foregoing examples, the one I shall next cite must, I fear, be set down as a plagiarism; though no one will think the worse of it on that account. I allude to the beautiful line with which Gray’s *Elegy* commences,—

‘The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,’

which is obviously borrowed from Dante. The following is the passage in Mr. Cary’s translation:—

‘And pilgrim, newly on his road, with love Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far, That seems to mourn for the expiring day.’

And what makes it more probable that Gray committed a petty larceny on this occasion is, that the sweet expression of ‘trembling hope,’ in the same delightful poem, also occurs in Dante.

Before I quit Gray, let me also notice, that his thought,—

‘And leaves the world to darkness and to me,’ is to be found likewise in the ‘*Beggar’s Petition*,’ where we have—

‘And leaves the world to wretchedness and me one obviously a parody of the other.

Every reader of English poetry recollects the beautiful yet simple expression of Goldsmith, in his ‘*Edwin and Angelina*,’—

‘And tears began to flow.’

Goldsmith, however, was not the first to use it. It occurs in Dryden’s ‘*Alexander’s Feast*,’ and in the ‘*Essay on Criticism*’ of Pope; and, last of all, it is to be found in Chatterton’s poem,

entitled ‘*The Death of Sir Charles Bawdin*.’ This and similar instances of plagiarism on the part of Chatterton, by the by, are among the strongest proofs of the spuriousness of ‘*Rowley’s Poems*,’ which, whatever be the present ephemeral taste in poetical matters, will be regarded by posterity, I think, as the noblest monument of the genius of modern times. It is hardly too much to say that, when Chatterton died, the Shakespeare of the eighteenth century was no more.

But to return; or, as the French have it, ‘*à nos moutons*,’—the following line in Pope’s ‘*Eloisa to Abelard*,’—

‘I have not yet forgot myself to stone,’

is evidently borrowed from a similar expression of Milton,—

‘Forget thyself to marble.’

Milton has also,

‘Caverns shagg’d with horrid thorn,’

which Pope adopts in the same poem. Other ‘coincidences’ between him and our great epic bard, are likewise to be traced, which justify the inference, that the ‘*Twickenham bee*’ had, just before the composition of ‘*Eloisa to Abelard*, been ‘drinking deep’ of the honied stores of his illustrious predecessor.

It would be easy to swell this list of examples; but I shall confine myself to one other, and that other Blair, who, in his ‘*Grave*,’ has favoured us with abundant instances of these ‘literary coincidences,’ which, it is much to be feared, however, the reader will hardly regard as accidental. Among the number, the following will be recognized as having its prototype in Pope’s ‘*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*.’ I shall transcribe the two passages:—

Blair.

‘Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine Enlightens but yourselves.’

Pope.

‘Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years, Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres.’

Several other ‘coincidences,’ with Shakespeare, Addison, and some of our most eminent poets, are to be found in the ‘*Grave*’; but, as my paper is out, as well, I fear, as your patience, I must refer the curious reader to the poem itself, where the instances are too obvious to be missed. ORDOVEX.

London, Sept. 5, 1821.

LITERARY INQUIRIES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Perhaps it will be filling up your columns with what will be neither useful nor interesting to any person except myself, but I should feel

much gratified if any of your correspondents would answer me two questions; first, whether the poem of Mr. Coleridge's friend, mentioned in his 'Sibylline Leaves,' was ever published, and if so, who was the publisher? A word respecting the measure and the merits would be very acceptable, as I have for some time been engaged in the composition of a poem on a similar subject, in ignorance of its having been before touched upon. Secondly, whether the 'Shah Nemah' of 'Ferda-si' has been ever translated into English, and if so, whether in prose or verse? the last question, if not the first, will appear to shew singular ignorance, but I have been inquiring until I am weary, without any satisfaction as to one or the other. I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

AN ADMIRER

Of your impartial Criticisms.

THE FEMALE HEAD IN QUEEN STREET.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—For the satisfaction of your correspondent ANTIQ., respecting 'the female head in front of some of the houses in Queen Street, Cheapside,' I can inform him that it is the head of our maiden Queen Elizabeth, who, I presume, patronized or made some grant to the Mercers' Company, it being the mark affixed to their estates. Not having immediate access to a survey of London or memoirs of the company, you will excuse this brief answer.

With respect, your's, &c.

17th Sept.

O. F.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—One of the articles in a newspaper which always attracts the most notice, is that headed *Accidents and Offences*; why these words have so long been united has always surprized me, for I could never, since the days of my boyhood, discover any affinity between them; at that period, indeed, it was different; my schoolmaster used to punish all accidents as offences, and I exercised all my logic to prove my offences were only accidents. I have, to be sure, seen the same logic used by adults, and, by the common consent of newspaper editors, it seems to be established as a law, which, like that of the Medes and Persians, altereth not, that accidents and offences are to be considered always together, as being merely different gradations of the same

thing: so that it seems clearly proved, that it is an offence to happen with an accident, and an accident to be guilty of an offence. I am, &c.

AN ACCIDENTAL OFFENDER*.

ANECDOTES OF NONCONFORMISTS.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

MR. JOHN HOOK says, 'that an hypocrite is in the worst condition of any man upon earth, for he is hated of the world because of his profession, and hated of God because he has no more than a profession.'

Mr. John Haddesley, A. M.—'was so excessively modest, as to be under some awe when his brethren were present at any of his performances, though they were much his inferiors.'

Mr. Cuff—was a person 'who took great liberty to jest in the pulpit.'

Mr. John Farroll, A. M.—'His enemies said that they would not send him to prison again, because he lived better there than at home.'

Mr. N. Stevens, M. A.—One that was then well acquainted with him, relates the following instance of his pleasantries:—'He went with a friend to his house, and knocked at the door, when, none of the family being at hand, he called to them to come in, and asked them whether, of the two, they would have had opened the door for them, the blind or the lame? His wife being blind, and he so lame as not to be able to rise out of his chair without help.' He would often tell a story of what happened when he was young, in the west, where he was born: 'A clergyman coming into the church, went up to the chancel to bow to the altar. It so happened, that there was no altar there, but the communion-table stood against the east wall, and a boy sat upon it. The boy seeing the priest coming towards him, slipt down, and stood before the table. At length the priest made a low bow, and the poor boy, thinking it was to him that the respect was paid, bowed as low to him again; and the bows were repeated three times on each side; the boy being surprized at the priest's wonderful civility. In this case,' said Mr. Stevens, 'the boy knew well enough who it was he bowed to: but whether or not it was so as to the priest, is questionable.'

Mr. Lee.—He was an intimate friend

* Should our correspondent ever have the misfortune to be classed in the list of offenders in a newspaper, we suspect he will then learn the difference betwixt accidents and offences.—LD.

of Colonel King's, who was the first in the House of Commons that moved for King Charles's restoration. He was so far from owning the preceding powers, that he never paid any tax for twelve years together.

Mr. H. Vaughan.—Once he very narrowly escaped great trouble. As he was reading in a bookseller's shop in London, with his back towards the door, a pursuivant came in and told the bookseller, that he and three more had spent four days in searching after one Vaughan, but said they could not find him, and he escaped. He was ultimately committed to the goal in Grantham, called the *Old Shop*, for not reading the Common Prayer.

Mr. Ed. Reyner, M. A.—The importunity of friends prevailed with him to accept the bishop's present of a prebend, but when he came next morning seriously to reflect upon the necessary attendants and consequences of this his new preferment, he was much dissatisfied, for he found he could not keep it with a safe and quiet conscience. Hereupon he prevailed with the Lady Armine, to go to the bishop to mollify the offence, and obtain a *quietus*. The bishop pleasantly told the lady—'I have had many countesses, ladies, and others, that have been suitors to me to get preferments for their friends; but you are the first that ever came to take away a preferment, and that from one that I bestowed it on with my own hands.'

Mr. Geo. Boheme, Sleaford Church.—A worthy person writes, 'that pretty country church hath not had a settled minister in it for sixty years, to his knowledge; and adds, he supposes not of sixty more before that; because it was so destitute of any maintenance till the late Sir John Brownlow settled 10l. a-year upon it, for which there is a sermon preached once a fortnight.'

Mr. John Richardson.—He was a loyal subject, and one of those who greatly desired the restoration of King Charles II. and concurred heartily in it, saying to a friend of his, when discoursing about it, '*Fiat justitia et ruat cælum.*'—'*Ruit Cælum,*' said his friend to him again, when he first saw him after Bartholomew, 1662. He was a man of unparalleled temperance in the whole course of his life. Being to preach once at St. Paul's Cross, and, as was usual, a glass of sack being offered him before he went into the pulpit, he refused it, and pleasantly said, 'he did not chuse to preach by the spirit of sack.' J. R. P.

THE MUSK-OX AND POLAR BEAR.

AMONG the many novelties which have recently been added to that grand national repository, the *British Museum*, the musk-ox and the Polar bear are not the least interesting. They are some of the fruits of the two last expeditions to discover a North-West Passage.

The *Polar Bear*, the *Ursus Maritimus* of Linnæus, now placed on the landing of the staircase in the British Museum, was killed during Captain Ross's voyage, in lat. $70^{\circ} 40' N.$, and long. $68^{\circ} 00' W.$ It is, in length, about eight or nine feet, and about three feet and a half high. It has a long head and neck, and round ears; the end of the nose is black, the teeth large; the hair long and white, tinged in some parts with yellow; and the limbs are of great size and strength, although it is by no means one of the largest of its species.

This animal is confined to the coldest part of the globe; it has been found as far north as navigators have penetrated, at least above lat. $80.$ The frigid climates alone seem adapted to its nature. The north of Norway, and the country of Mesen, in the north of Russia, are destitute of them; but they are met with again in great abundance in Nova Zembla, and from the river Ob, along the Siberian coast, to the mouths of Jenesei and Lena, but are never seen far inland, unless they lose their way in mists; none are found in Kamtschatka or its islands. They have been seen as far south as Newfoundland; but they are not natives of that country, being only brought there accidentally on the islands of ice.

During summer, the white bears are either resident on islands of ice or passing from one to another; they swim admirably, and can continue that exercise a distance of six or seven leagues; they also dive with great agility. They bring two young at a time; and the affection between the parents and them is so strong, that they would die rather than desert one another. Of this affection, several instances are recorded, but we shall only select two. While the *Carcass*, one of the ships in Captain Phipps's voyage of discovery to the North Pole, was locked in the ice, early one morning, the man at the mast head gave notice that three bears were making their way very fast over the frozen ocean, and were directing their course towards the ship. They had, no doubt, been invited by the scent of

some blubber of a sea horse, which the crew had killed a few days before, which had been set on fire, and was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she-bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and eat it voraciously. The crew of the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse which they had still left, upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laying every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead, and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally. It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the most unfeeling, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor animal in the dying moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had just fetched away, as she had done the others, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them: when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up, making, at the same time, the most pitiable moans. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when she had got at some distance, looked back and moaned; and that not availing to intice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before, and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them anew, and with signs of inexpressible fondness went round them, pawing them successively. Finding, at last, that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the destroyers, which they returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

A Greenland bear, with two cubs under its protection, was pursued across a field of ice by a party of armed sailors. At first she seemed to urge the young ones to an increase of speed, by running before them, turning round, and manifesting by a peculiar action

and voice, her anxiety for their progress; but finding her pursuers gaining upon them, she carried, or pushed, or pitched them alternately forward, until she effected their escape. In throwing them before her, the little creatures are said to have placed themselves across her path to receive the impulse, and when projected some yards in advance, they ran onwards until she overtook them, when they alternately adjusted themselves for another throw.

Their winter retreats are under the snow, in which they form dens, supported by pillars of snow; or else under some great eminence beneath the fixed ice of the frozen sea. They feed on fish, seals, and the carcasses of whales; and on human bodies, which they will greedily disinter; they seem very fond of human blood, and are so fearless as to attack companies of armed men, or even to board small vessels. When on land they live on birds and their eggs; and, allured by the scent of the seals' flesh, often break into and plunder the houses of the Greenlanders. Their greatest enemy in the brute creation, is the morse*, with which they have terrible conflicts, but are generally worsted, the vast teeth of the morse giving it a superiority.

The flesh of the Polar bear is white, and is said to taste like mutton; the fat is melted for train oil, and that of the feet used in medicine; but the liver is very unwholesome, as three of Barentz's sailors experienced, who fell dangerously ill on eating some of it boiled.

One of this species was brought over to England a few years ago; it was very furious, almost always in motion, roared aloud, and seemed very uneasy, except when cooled by having pailsfull of water poured over it.

Callixenus Rhodius, in his description of the pompous procession of Ptolemæus Philadelphus, at Alexandria, speaks of *one great white bear*, among other wild beasts, that graced the show; but, from the local situation of this animal, at présent, it can scarcely be supposed to have been of the same species, though Pennant is inclined to believe that it was.

The *Musk-ox*, which is also placed on the staircase, was killed during the expedition of Captain Parry, and, as we gave a particular account of it in No. 103 of the *Literary Chronicle*, we shall now merely add a few general remarks.

* The Arctic walrus, or sea-horse.

The musk-ox is quite a local animal; it appears first above Churchill River, on the western side of Hudson's Bay, and is to be found very plentiful between lat. 66 and 73 north. The musk oxen go in herds of twenty or thirty, delight in barren and rocky mountains, and run nimbly. They are very active in climbing the rocks, seldom frequent the woody parts, and are shot by the Indians for the sake of the skins, which make the best and warmest blankets. They are found again among the Cris, or Cristinaux, and the Assinilouels, and among the Attimospiquay; are continued from these countries as low as the provinces of Nievera and Libola.

A part of this species has been found in the north of Asia, the head of one having been discovered in Siberia, on the Arctic mossy flats, near the mouth of the Oby. Dr. Pallas, who states this fact, does not speak of the kind as being fossil, but suspects that the whole carcass was brought on floating ice from America, and deposited where the skull was found. If this be certain, it proves that these animals spread quite across the continent of America, from Hudson's Bay to the Asiatic seas.

LIFE,
AS DISPLAYED IN THE SOJOURNINGS OF
LOFTUS GREY.

Collected, Methodized, and Conglomerated,
By W. B. L.

CHAP. III.

THE proficiency that I made in all my academic studies soon satisfied my father as to the benefits which were likely to result from the 'expediency' of a public school. My expertness in the lighter branches of education, such as bruising, robbing orchards, disturbing apple-stalls, and assisting the venders, tricks upon tell-tale cobblers, and some few dozens of *etcæteras* beside, was really wonderful; and, although such early signs of precocity could of course afford nothing less than the highest possible gratification to all whom it concerned, it was, nevertheless, deemed that the administration of a few lessons or so, of a soberer kind of science, might probably be so far advantageous, as slightly to check that exuberance of genius, which,—much to the annoyance of sundry dull and uncivilized folks, whose ideas never soared beyond the boundaries of quiet and decorum,—I was so everlastingly exhibiting. I was, therefore, in the fitting season, gently removed, with as much dispatch as

might be, to the distant residence of a clergyman, whose Herculean might, in matters of wisdom, had been as fully amplified as possible; there to abide until my mental and bodily qualifications were something softened down to the A. B. C. occupations of ordinary life.

He was one of those extraordinary individuals, who, to the profound erudition of a minister of the church, (doing duty once a fortnight,) added every possible acquirement which the skull of man could compass or the brain conceive. He was, indeed, a sapient soul; a living encyclopedia of learning, to which you have but to refer, and the hidden mystery of things are exposed unto your astounded sense—a positive circle of the sciences. There was nothing in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, but he was as familiar with it as a bosom-friend. He knew all about the 'anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' and had some considerable smattering of the principles of divination. He knew as much of chetmical philosophy as of legal proprieties; and of ærology as of either. He had a good deal to say upon the Linnæan system; and many doubts had occurred to him as to the Newtonian philosophy. He would offer some sagacious reasonings touching the growth of potatoes, and could draw a plausible parallel between Raphaël and his master, Da Vinci (whose name, he would tell you, was to be pronounced Vinchi, and not Vinci, as the vulgar have it). He would discourse excellently well upon the cartoons of either, but had a slight objection to the drapery in the Transfiguration; this he would explain. He had a singular talent for painting himself, and could dance, solve Euclid, poetize, or preach the gospel most felicitously. He was a perfect mineralogist, and played Kaufferhankerbum's sonata on the violincello delightfully. It did men's hearts good only to read his prospectus. His pupils were select and limited; yet, through some fortunate and unaccountable mischance, there was always a vacancy for one. All they did, and were to do, was executed according to the most approved rules. They ate their dinners by the systematic rules of logic as laid down by Obediah M'Crickler, gentleman and logician; and went to bed *secundem artem*. They were allowed to speak just so many words within the hour, and arranged their habiliments with

mathematical precision. In short, the spheres were not better arranged than were our manners and our modes; and, although, perhaps, I was not a bona fidè CRICHTON, under the tuition of such a *scavan* I could not fall far short.

And here were spent some of the happiest days in all my life; days that flew along in luxurious ease and undisturbed contentment; that came with honied sweetness, and passed away with sorrow for their shortness; that left naught behind but the delightful remembrance of their pleasures; oh! how pleasant was that time; even now, when age has saddened the scenes of life, when changes and vicissitudes have intervened, and when sober feelings have supplanted that enthusiasm which gives such a brilliant colouring to all around,—still, even now, I can recur to that happy period of my life, and dwell with renewing fondness on the recollection of its bliss. For, oh! Mary, my long-loved Mary, here, here it was that first I saw thee. Beloved spirit! if thou hast seen from thy high abode all the troubles of my chequered life; if thou hast watched all the ills and evils I have borne; if thou hast marked all my sins and grievous misdoings;—oh! Mary, remember me in heaven!

The little village of Bishops-owen is situated in a retired and beautiful valley in the west of England, bordering the Bristol channel. It was rather a cluster of detached irregular cottages, built after the fashion of the fancy, and so as most conveniently to command the view of such parts of the surrounding scenery as were most congenial to the owner's taste. It was, indeed, a lovely spot—a spot that poets might have chosen for their sylvan scenes; where gay green fields spread themselves beneath the high sun, and lofty trees threw the shadows of their bright foliage for rustic shelter and repose; where silver brooks babbled out their music through cowslipped meadows, and young birds piped out their wild melody in the woods. How often have I, reclining with book in hand upon some bank, or perched among the branches of some widely-spreading oak tree, gazed upon the varied charms of that sweet place! How often have I listened to the tripping song of some innocent villager, loitering along its happy paths, and hymning unconscious praises to the great Giver of all!—Half a dozen words would set all this into jingling rhyme, and yet it is the literal flow of the remembrance. I

could not speak of those enchanting scenes after the manner of prosing con-
fabulation, and I even think of it po-
etically, and almost in numbers! But
it was not in the power of theses un-
aided, nor of all the picturesque and
blooming scenery in the world, that
could have given me a chastened plea-
sure, or have tamed my ungovernable
spirit into quiet;—it was for thee, my
blessed Mary, for thee reserved, to
curb the headstrong passions of youth,
and to check the ebullition of my will.

One lovely summer's evening I had
sauntered into the uplands with Ossian
in my hand, and lay extended in the
shadow of a pleasant hedge, poring
over 'a tale of the times of old—the
days of other years;' my dog Nero (no
relation to the gentleman who fiddled)
was sporting with the gnats which
buzzed about him, and barking at the
white butterflies, as they led him on to
a distant and fruitless pursuit;—I had
thus lain for at least a full hour, when,
as I listlessly moved from my recum-
bent posture, I unconsciously exclaim-
ed, 'Why tarries my love on the hill—
fair-haired daughter of storms, white-
bosomed Brazela come!'—'If thou
speakest of a dog, and that dog be
thine, I can tell thee—' said a soft voice
behind me. I started from my seat,
and stood before one of the sweetest
girls that ever was formed by the hand
of Heaven. She was a Quaker maiden,
and her neat costume well accorded
with her angelic face. 'If the dog be
thine,' she continued, 'come with me
and I will take thee to him, for he
needeth thine assistance; he lieth lame
and in much pain yonder; I would
have taken him to my home, but that
he is large and defieth my strength.'
I was upon the point of striking out
into some cloudy compliment, and of
swearing that I could go with her the
world over, 'spite of all the dogs and
cats in Christendom, but her modest
mien and placid eye rebuked all folly.
I followed her quick footsteps as she
led the way to the spot where poor
Nero lay in all the anguish which a
dog usually feels that has trodden on
a thorn. I sprung forward, and soon
discovered the cause of his suffering.
My fair conductress stood by, and
watched my proceedings with much
and evident anxiety, whilst I extract-
ed the thorn from the dog's paw.
'Poor animal,' said she, 'poor animal,
what the' must have felt, and how
gratefully dost the' lick the hand which
relieves thee.' I took my handkerchief
to wrap round it, but the thick fold-

ings of the silk made but an awkward
bandage. 'Oh,' cried the kind maid-
en, with a look which well bespoke the
humanity of her heart, 'I do intreat of
thee to take mine; it is far fitter for thy
purpose I do believe, and the' canst
return it to me when next we meet.'
'And when may that be, my sweet
young lady,' said I; 'when may I re-
new the thanks which are so well due
to your kindness.' 'Surely, I require
no thanks for doing assistance to a
poor and helpless brute,' replied she;
'surely if a thorn had pierced *my* foot,
thou would'st have done the same by
me, albeit a stranger.'—'By heaven, I
would have gone to the world's end to
have assisted so much sweetness, al-
though, by doing so, a thorn had
pierced my heart.'—'There would be
little need of going so far, I do think,'
she retorted, 'for assistance or a thorn,
when this wood aboundeth with both
the one and the other; but how the'
heart may receive a thorn I understand
not.' I know not how or in which way
I explained the difficulty, so earnestly
was I gazing on the young creature
before me: her age could not have ex-
ceeded sixteen, but her loveliness
seemed perfect and mature; her com-
plexion was beautifully fair, and her
blue ethereal eyes spoke to the heart
in a palpable discourse; her fair light
hair, simply parted over her high and
polished forehead, gave a witching sym-
metry to the contour of her sweet face;
her mouth—oh! what a delicious
mouth! made but to speak unearthly
purity and tell of holy and heavenly
things. She was a human creature;
but, oh! she was the extreme of loveli-
ness; she seemed to exceed man's dream
of beauty; she was a being who brought
to the heart the real presence of its
brightest visions. Almighty heaven!
I think I see her now!

(To be continued.)

Poetical Portraits,

No. IV.

HIS MAJESTY GEORGE IV.

'You are guarded

With such a general loyalty in subjects,
That if you slept among the multitude,
Even when some rage possess'd them, unde-
fended

With any arms, but that, th' imperfect slumber
Need not to be broken with a fear.'

Nabb's Unfortunate Mother.

R—D. M—E—N, Esq. M. P.

'I to the world am like a drop of water
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who failing there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.

Shakespeare.

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq. THE YOUNGER.

'A merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.'

Love's Labour Lost.

MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

'How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity;
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying or-
phan,

Or mix their pitying tears with those that weep.'

Rowe.

P. M—E, Esq. M. P.

'The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes.
When he walks he moves like an engine, and
the ground shrinks before his treading,—talks
like a knell, and his hum is a battery.

Shakspeare.

J. HU—E, Esq. M. P.

'Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
Not working with the ear but with the eye,
And but in purg'd judgment trusting either.'

Ibid.

R. W. EL—N, Esq.

'See the players well bestow'd! let them be
well us'd; for they are the abstract and brief
chronicle of the time. After your death, you
were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill
report while you liv'd.'

Ibid.

J. G. L—M—N, Esq. M. P.

'Seem not too conscious of thy worth; nor be
The first that knows thy own sufficiency.'

Randolph.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

'His learning savours not the school-like gloss
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
Nor only long or far-fetch'd circumstance,
Wrapp'd in the curious generalities of arts;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.'

Johnson's Postaster.

WILLIAM GODWIN, Esq.

'He reads much,

He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.'

Shakspeare:

SIR W. C—S, BART.

'Men may talk of country Christmasses, and
Court gluttony; their thirty pound butter'd
eggs;
Their pies of carp's tongues; their pheasants
drench'd with

Ambergris; the carcasses of three fat
Weathers bruis'd for gravy, to make sauce for
A single peacock; yet their feasts were fasts
Compared with the city's.

Massinger's City Madam.

THE BOTANIC GARDENS OF EUROPE.

BOTANIC gardens are a source of riches, not only to the country in which they are established, but they are of universal benefit to society. The plants peculiar to one garden are soon transmitted to all the others, and interesting varieties produced either by chance or cultivation are thus easily propagated. Such establishments, if protected by the fostering hand of government, would ultimately naturalize in every civilized country those useful fruits and vegetables, against which the difference of climate does not oppose an invincible obstacle.

Although the ancients have written many volumes on the history of plants, and have ascribed most astonishing virtues to some of them, still they never thought of having botanic gardens. Pliny informs us that Anthony Castor, one of the learned physicians of Rome, was the first who made the attempt: but his collection consisted merely of medicinal plants, and it does not appear that their cultivation was continued after his death.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, some persons fond of botany, collected the most interesting plants in one spot. Curicius Cordus, at Erfurt, Nordecus, at Cassel, and Gaspard de Gabriel, at Padua, established their botanic gardens about the year 1525. The celebrated Conrad Gesner began soon after to cultivate the plants which he wanted to study and to describe; and collected in his garden, at Zurich, all those he could procure by means of his numerous exertions and extensive correspondence. A taste for botany spread all over Germany, Switzerland, and France. The same Gesner wrote, in the year 1560, that these countries possessed, at that period, more than fifty botanic gardens. But he says almost nothing of those of the Netherlands, where even under the Dukes of Burgundy, and at the time of the crusades, they had imported and cultivated many plants of the east; several of their botanic gardens were, however, abandoned or destroyed during the civil wars. Lobel, in his preface to the new edition of his *History of Plants*, published in 1576, enumerates the most considerable gardens of the low countries.

Those which enjoyed the greatest reputation in the other parts of Europe were:—

At Venice, the garden belonging to the Senator Jerome Corner, who had

sent for plants from Egypt and the Levant. At Milan, that of Scipio Simonetta, of which Tugio has given a description and the catalogue. At Lucia, that of Vincent de Monte Catino, which Belon mentions with praise. At Rome, the gardens of some convents, and chiefly the Récolets on the Capitol. At Naples, that of John Vincent Pinelli, where Bartholom Maranta perfected himself in botany, and composed his *Methodus Cognoscendorum Simplicium*, published at Venice, in 1559.

In Germany and Switzerland the gardens of several apothecaries and clergymen; at Augsburg in particular, that of the Fuggers.

In France, that of René du Bellay, Bishop of Mans, who had sent the celebrated Belon to the east to make researches relative to the study of natural history.

The works of Lobel, L'Ecluse, Doemens, and Gesner, mention the gardens that existed in 1560. Those of Camerarius, at Nuremberg, and of the Landgrave William, at Cassel, appear to have been posterior to this time.

These were the principal private botanical gardens, anterior to the establishment of public ones, which first commenced about the middle of the sixteenth century. The most ancient of the public gardens, devoted to the improvement of Botanical knowledge, is that of Pisa, founded in 1544, by Cosmo de Medicis, first Grand Duke of Florence. The garden of Padua, which enjoyed a great reputation in the sixteenth century, was founded in 1546. That of Boulogne, dates from the year 1568. The garden of Florence was first established in 1556, and restored with renovated splendour in 1718. The garden of the Vatican, at Rome, is of nearly the same antiquity as that of Bologna. Holland very early followed the example of Italy. The Botanic garden of Leyden was established in 1577, and its management confided to Theod. Aug. Cluyt.

In Germany, the Elector of Saxony established a public botanic garden at Leipzig, in the year 1580. That of the university of Giessen was founded in 1605. The magistrates of Nuremberg were, in 1625, the founders of the Botanic garden at Altorf, which, under the direction of Jungermann, soon became the most celebrated of all Germany. That of Rintelin, which was four years older, shared its celebrity; and the origin of the Botanic gardens at Ulm and Ratisbon ascends

nearly to the same period. The university of Jena founded her's in 1629, and intrusted it to the management of Rolfinck, who has left a curious work on vegetables, in which he has introduced the history of the public botanic gardens of his time.

In France, it was Henry IV., who, in 1597, founded the botanic garden at Montpellier, which gave a new splendour to the university of that town. The Medicinal School, of Paris, planted a botanic garden nearly about the same time, but, as it was very small, and limited to useful plants, the science derived little benefit from its establishment. But the garden which Louis XIII. established at Paris, in 1626, soon rose superior to all the other botanic gardens of Europe.

Among the public botanic gardens posterior to that of Paris, the principal are—that of Messina, founded in 1638; that of Copenhagen, established some time before the year 1640; that of Upsal, which owes its origin to the Swedish king, Charles Gustavus, in 1657: but after the conflagration of the town, in 1702, this garden continued in a deplorable state until the year 1740, when its walls were rebuilt. In 1742, the professorship of botany, at Upsal, was given to Linnæus, and the botanic garden acquired, under the care of this great man, a deserved celebrity.

In Holland, the gardens of Amsterdam and Groeningen became the most famous, next to the botanic garden of Leyden. The first dates from the year 1684, and is remarkable for having cultivated the first coffee-plant that was brought to Europe. The botanic garden of Groeningen was established by Henry Munting, in 1641.

Prior to the foundation of public botanic gardens in England, there were several private ones belonging to botanists; as those of John Gerard, of the two Tradescants, and the garden at Chelsea, which belonged to Sir Hans Sloane, and which he left to the London Corporation of Apothecaries.

The botanic garden of the University of Oxford, founded about the year 1640, was inconsiderable before the addition of that which two brothers of the name of Sherrard possessed at Eltham.

Madrid was without a botanic garden until the year 1753. That which was established at Coimbra, in 1773, has procured us many plants from the Brazils.

But, independently of the public

botanic gardens, and of the pleasure gardens of many princes and great lords in Italy and Germany, Europe had, at the end of the sixteenth century, a considerable number of gardens destined only to introduce, to naturalize, and to disseminate exotic plants.

L'Ecluse, who devoted his whole life to botany, cultivated, at Vienna, at Frankfort, and at Leyden, a great number of plants, of which he wrote the history. Maximilian II. who sat on the Imperial throne of Germany, from the year 1564 to 1576, founded a magnificent garden at Vienna, of which he gave L'Ecluse the management.

In Spain and Portugal, some botanists, like Monardis and Simon de Tovar, cultivated the plants brought from the two Indies.

John Gerard had a botanic garden near London, the catalogue of which he published in 1596; and it appears from the *Hortus Kewensis*, that England has been indebted to him for many exotic plants.

At Florence, the Senator Nicholas Gaddi was one of the first who got plants from Egypt and the east. At Rome, Cardinal Farnese collected a considerable number of plants, of which Aldini published the history in 1625. But, of all private botanic gardens, known at this period, the most celebrated was that of Conrad von Gemmingen, Bishop of Eichstadt, founded near his palace towards the close of the sixteenth century. John Robin cultivated, about the same time, a private botanic garden at Paris, of which he published the catalogue in 1601.

Next to John Gerard's garden, that of John Tradescant is the most ancient in England; it was planted about the year 1630. King Charles I. and the gentlemen of his court, who often visited this garden, acquired a taste for the cultivation of exotic trees, and several plants introduced by Tradescant, were named after him as *Aster Tradescanti* *Ephemerum Tradescanti*.

Henry Compton, Bishop of London, in 1675, collected, at Fulham, a great number of exotic trees which had never before been seen in Europe.

Collinson's garden, at Mill Hill, near London, was remarkable for a large collection of American plants; Mr. Salisbury, who purchased it a few years since, has particularly restored it to botany.

J. F. Mauroceni had a private botanic garden at Padua, of which Antho-

ny Tita published the catalogue in 1713. Prince Frederick of Wirtemberg had one at Montbelliard; Gaspard Rose, at Leipsic; the Prince of Baden Durlach established one at Carlsruhe, in 1715; and the Swedish Senator, Count de la Gardie, had one at Jacobsdal, near Stockholm.

Of the numerous private botanic gardens in Holland, the most celebrated for the richness of its collection, and for the description which Linnæus published of it, in 1737, is that which Clifford had at Hartecamp, three miles from Harelem and nine from Leyden.

In the Austrian monarchy there are, at present, twenty-three botanical gardens.

The palace of Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, had scarcely been begun in 1753, when the Emperor, Francis I. destined part of his garden to the cultivation of exotic plants. This is become one of the most deservedly celebrated in Europe. Its hot-houses being the most extensive that ever were built, tropical trees display their branches at liberty; they produce both flowers and fruit, and birds of Africa and America fly about amidst the trees of the native country. The King's garden at Kew, possesses, however, more varieties, and is more particularly devoted to the progress of botany*.

Demidow's garden, at Moscow, is the most considerable botanic garden that ever belonged to a private individual. The catalogue of his plants, which he published in 1786, contains four thousand three hundred and sixty-three notable species, five hundred and seventy-two varieties of fruit-trees, six hundred varieties of flowers, and two thousand species of plants, which had not yet flowered.

The only remarkable private botanic garden in France is that of Malmaison, formed by the Empress Josephine. Mr. Ventenat has described the new plants which have flowered in this garden. There is another at Gand, which, since the year 1799, is become a public one; it counts already more than three thousand species.

Of the Botanic gardens out of Europe, which are destined to receive the plants collected by botanical travellers in the adjacent countries, the principal are:—That of Teneriffe. That of the Society of Sciences at Calcutta, where Sir William Jones has cultivated the most celebrated plants of the Indies; that of Jamaica, under the care of Dr.

* For some account of this garden, see *Literary Chronicle*, No. 101.

Clarke. That of Cayenne, founded by the Chevalier Turgot. Those which André Michaux has established at New York and at Charlestown. That of Mexico, of which Professor Cervantes is the manager. That which Dr. Osack has planted at Elgin, in America, in 1804; and, lastly, that which was founded by subscription, at Charlestown, in 1805, under the sanction of the American legislative body.

THE ECCENTRIC

JOSEPH SANFORD, B. D.

WHAT is called 'a classical anecdote,' has lately appeared in most of the London and in several of the provincial papers. The name of the *ingenious student* who made the replies was Joseph Sanford. He was originally a member of Exeter College, whence he was elected Fellow of Balliol. His rooms at Balliol were in the middle staircase, on the east side of the quadrangle; he used to read at the end of a gallery, without fire, in the coldest weather. On every Friday, in all weathers, he never missed walking to some house, four or five miles from Oxford, on the banks of the Cherwell, where he used to dine on fish*. On his application to the bishop for ordination, he was introduced to the chaplain, to whom he was a stranger, and who, as usual, told him he must examine him; and the first question proposed was 'Quid fides?' to which Sanford replied, in a loud voice, and increasing it at each answer, 'Quod non vides.' The second question was 'Quid spes?' to which Sanford answered, 'Futura res.' The third was, 'Quid caritas?' to which he roared out, 'In mundo raritas.' Upon which the chaplain, finding that he had an extraordinary character to deal with, left him, and went to inform the bishop what had passed below, with a person he knew not what to make of, who had given in his name, Joseph Sanford, of Balliol; this made the bishop laugh, and exclaim, 'You examine him? Why he is able to examine you and our whole bench! Pray desire him to walk up;' when the bishop made an apology for the chaplain, and said he was sorry Mr. Sanford had not applied to him in the first instance. In an evening it was his constant practice to walk his mile up and down Mr. Fletcher's shop†, after

* Mr. Bishop, of Godstowe, who lately died at a very advanced age, informed the editor that he knew Mr. Sanford, who often took fish at his house, which is on the banks of the Isis.

† Now Mr. Parker's in the turl; Mr.

he had taken tea at Horseman's coffee-house, where he met Mr. Cracherode, Dr. Smallwell, (afterwards Bishop of Oxford,) and other Christ Church men, who used to accompany him to the Turle. He was a profound scholar, and rendered Dr. Kennicott much assistance in his great work,—the Hebrew Bible. His extensive library he gave to Exeter College, by a nuncupative will, witnessed by Mr. Fletcher. Dr. Eveleigh, the late provost of Oriel, who married a daughter of his nephew, Dr. Sanford, formerly Fellow of All Souls, presented a portrait of him to Exeter College; he is represented with a folio under his arm, which is the first edition of the Hebrew Bible, a book of the greatest rarity, which he bought for a trifle of David Wilson, a bookseller in the Strand; and as soon as he had ascertained his treasure, he never laid the book down, but took it himself to his lodging, and the next morning set off for Oxford, although he had not finished the business which brought him to London, and kept the book in his hands the whole journey, until he had safely lodged it in his room at Balliol. He was so much pleased with this acquisition, that, on Mr. Fletcher's next visit to London, he sent a guinea by him to the bookseller, in addition to what he had first paid him. He died September 25th, 1774, aged 84 years, and was buried in the middle aisle of the parish church of St. Mary Magdalen, Oxford, in which church a monument, with an inscription, has been raised to his memory. He was equally well known for his learning, extensive library, and singularity in dress.—*Oxford Herald*.

FRENCH FLATTERY.

THE following Address to Louis XV. after the campaign of 1745, will shew that French adulation did not take its rise in the present day:—

'The conquests of your Majesty are so rapid, that we think it absolutely necessary that future historians should be cautious in their relation, lest posterity should consider them as fables unworthy of belief. Yet they must be told an undoubted fact, that your Majesty was the father of our venerable alderman of that name.'

† This circumstance was told to the editor of the *Herald* by Mr. Fletcher, whose character stood so highly in the university, that his assertion only of Mr. Sanford's having repeatedly told him it was his intention to give his books to the library of Exeter College, had the full effect of a will regularly signed and sealed.

jesty, when at the head of your army, wrote yourself an account of your exploits, having no other table but a drum. The most distant ages must learn that the English, those fierce and audacious enemies, jealous of your Majesty's fame, were compelled to yield to your prowess the palace of glory. Their allies were only so many witnesses of their shame, and hastened to join their standards only to become the spectators of your Majesty's triumph. We venture to tell your Majesty, that whatever may be the love you bear your subjects, there is still one way to add to our felicity, by curbing the high courage which you possess, and which would cost us too many tears, if it exposed to the certain danger of war, your Majesty's precious life, or that of the young hero, the object of our fondest hopes!

Original Poetry.

WHAT THO' ZULEIKA'S EYES BE DARK TO *****.

WHAT tho' Zuleika's eyes be dark
As those of the gazelle,
What tho' they shed a brighter spark,
Or more of passion tell
Than thine;—I deem them not so true,
All lovely as they seem,
As those of heaven's clearest blue,
Of heaven's softest beam.
Tho' sweet they are to gaze upon,
They wander like the light
That flits when evening's gleam is gone
Before the traveller's sight,
When in his path deep marshes lie,
And distant is his home;
But there's a light within thine eye
That tells me 'twill not roam.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

'VELVETEEN,' A FACETIOUS COVE.

WHEN the coach and four arrive
At the Peacock, Islington;
'Velveteen!' is all alive
Till coachee mounts, all right! and gone:
Horses reeking, bugles squeaking,
Boxes, passengers, and haste;
Friends are greeting, lovers meeting,
And the generous nobly treating
Those who liquors taste.

—Who's for Manchester?

'Velveteen!' is all the go;
In his mouth a sprig he keeps,
And his eyes are tutored so,
One opens while the other peeps;
Ever squinting, like wit hinting,
For a pleasant thought or two,—
Time's engraver mezzotinting,
Wrinkles on his forehead, printing
Periods not a few.

—Here! a coach! a coach!

On his face the purple glows,
Ruddier than the luscious grape,
Ripening to his bottle-nose
Like Job's, which potsherds vied to scrape:
Pigtail chewing, quids renewing,
Joking with a turkey's shake,

Snarling, sneering, queering, brewing,
Business still full drive pursuing,
Pence and jobs to make.

'Going down to-day, Mem?'

Quick,—the mails are driving up
With a fine and glorious speed,
'Twixt the hour we tea and sup,
Take a glass or papers read:
All is dunning, bellowing, stunning,
'Velveteen!' is on his way;
Wits are loitering, quizzing, punning,—
Life, like wheels to coaches running,
Hurries through the day.

'York mail! York mail! run
Sept. 1, 1821. J. R. P.!

AIR.—DELIA.

THO', like the bee from sweet to sweet,
I stray to every fragrant flow'r,
Each simple bud elate to greet,
Unmindful of the changing hour;
Yet think not I am careless too,
As insect on its airy rove;
No! Delia fair, believe me true,
I only wish to live and love! HATT.

AFFECTION.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

SOFT as the wind that whistles thro' the trees,
When evening spreads around her cooling
breeze,

Where no harsh sound or roar assails the ear,
But all is sweet and calm, serene and clear;
Such and so soft 's the parent's parting sigh—
So sweet is his life. Before it deigns to fly!
He to his daughter turns his stiff'ning gaze,
Big tears flow down the furrows of his face,
He clasps his daughter in his last embrace!
Then, on her weeping face he weeps his tears,
Her arms surround his neck, and his arms hers;
Life soon forsakes his form, and flies to where
Man tastes of joy for ever freed from care.
She feels he breathes not;—no! devoid of
breath,

She clasps a parent—forc'd from her by Death.
The weeping sufferer, stricken with her woes,
Upon the clay-cold corse her tears bestows;
Shrieks rend the air—the soul's awak'ning fear
Conquers her hopes and dries the starting tear;
She starts—a pale and trembling wretch she
stands,

A victim to Affection's stern demands!
She stands as breathless!—now her wand'ring
eye

Owens no soft tear, but from it flashes fly,
Of sad despair, of grief, of woe, and dread,
And thus the maiden mourns her parent dead.
No tender sighs steal on the attentive ear,
She stands like heathen statues form'd for Fear;
With haggard looks and eyes of sad despair,
Her sunken eyes once more attempt to gaze,
And the cold form a moment she surveys:
Sad task for tender virtue to perform—
To face despair—nor heed the passion's storm;
On the pale face she casts her gazing eye,
Swift thro' her soul affection's terrors fly,—
Totters her limbs,—her trembling knees give
way,

She senseless falls and clasps her parent's clay;
Lost in insensibility, her soul is free
From every woe—of sad anxiety.
How short the joy, for soon returning thought
Swift thro' her languid soul its fury shot;
She wakes from joy to feel the worst of woe
Which sense can bear or human nature know:
That foe to man which steals his every joy,
Which all his happiness and hopes destroy,

Which 'twines around compassionate men's
minds,
And in his frenzied heart secure asylum finds;
In her reviving breast its seeds are sown,—
Joy from her soul for ever far has flown;
The brightness of her eyes now swiftly fades,
And woe bestows instead its sickly shades;
Her beauty's bloom, her roseate tender cheek,
Lose all their charms, and serve her woes to
speak;
Her thoughts are placed upon that endless state
Which forms a part the last to this world's fate,
Lives but to feel affection's tender woe,
And for affection bids her soft tears flow;
Thinks on the pleasures which she once enjoyed,
And how those pleasures were by death de-
stroyed,—
Forms all her thoughts for that glad hour to
come,
Which hurries resignation to the tomb;
In heaven she hopes for bliss, and hopes to
meet
That being who made her youthful hours so
sweet;
Flies from a world where misery holds her
court,
Where virtue's sold, and where distress is
bought,—
The land of woe, where man from happiness
flies—
Where, clogged with sin, too soon his spirit
dies. J.P.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—After the *Coronation*, which was exhibited for the forty-second time on Thursday night, a new farce was produced, called *Monsieur Tonson*. It is founded on the very well-known tale of that name, by Mr. Taylor, though with considerable additions, a love story being grafted upon it. There is nothing very striking either in the plot, incidents, or dialogue of the piece; and it owes the success which it met with to the performers, particularly Mr. Cooper and Mr. Gattie. The farce, though tedious and very deficient in humour, was well received.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—A new comedy in three acts, entitled *Match Breaking, or a Prince's Present*, was acted for the first time on Thursday night. It is from the pen of Mr. Kenney, the author of *The World, Raising the Wind*, and several other successful dramatic pieces. *Match Breaking* is, however, not only of a very different character from any of the former productions of the author, but is also out of the common walk of the legitimate drama. The scene of the piece is laid in one of the petty states of Germany; and the following is a brief outline of the story:—

The German family of De Stromberg, who are rather disloyal in their conversation and sentiments, have betrothed their niece Emma, of Lowenthorp, (Mrs. Chat-

terley), to Edgar Rosenheim (De Camp), a captain in the Prince's Guard. Edgar, however, has great reason to be jealous of the prince himself (Mr. Terry), who had been his protector and friend, who comes into the family in the disguise of his relation, Hoffman, a professor of philosophy. At the moment of signing the contract, the supposed professor suggests the necessity of the prince's written consent to the marriage, but the baroness and the three brothers De Stromberg, in a lofty and satirical assertion of their independence, spurn the idea, and insist on proceeding. At the critical moment, a present arrives from the prince, conveyed by one of his pages, to Emma, with a complimentary inscription—this produces a sudden change. The family are astonished, the contract is suspended, and the Strombergs are suddenly seized with the hope of marrying Emma to the prince himself. The younger brother, Solomon (Jones), an empty self-sufficient coxcomb, who is constantly buzzing about the court, with an affectation of despising it, is sent in search of information. The professor, Hoffman, has written against the prince, and to the supposed professor, Solomon is very free of his satire and invectives against government. The prince, who has, in fact, been struck with a passionate admiration of Emma, becomes, in the course of his visits, *incognito*, still more enamoured of the simplicity and purity of her heart, and the jealousy of Edgar is exasperated to the highest degree. Every appearance increases the hopes of the family. The prince sends notice of a public visit; at this moment an officer arrives in the family to arrest the supposed professor for his writings against the prince. The family are in the greatest alarm, and immediately determine on turning the professor out, that he may not be found in their house. The prince's arrival is announced, and at the moment they should welcome, they are bent on removing him in his assumed character. At this point he discovers himself, joins the lovers, expresses a good-humoured retort on the apostate malcontents, whom he freely forgives, and the curtain falls.

It will be seen there is much improbability in the story, for the circumstance of a prince assuming a mask, and throwing himself into situations where his feelings must unavoidably be wounded, merely to ascertain the propriety of a matrimonial union projected by an officer of his guards, is as extraordinary as it is novel; but there is also another objection to this piece,—the false picture it gives of the virtues of a court, and its contemptuous sneer at every thing like political opposition or manly independence. Three characters in the piece are, however, admirably drawn; that of the Prince, ably sustained by Terry, who preserves the dignity of his rank in situations and

equivoques the most embarrassing; Solomon, too, a sort of vapouring political coxcomb, who is perpetually boasting of his own importance, his secret information, and his acute discrimination, in the hands of Jones, drew down great applause; and the interviews between him and the prince, while under the disguise of Professor Hoffman, were extremely well managed. The character of Emma is particularly amiable,—a lovely woman, in the bloom of youth and beauty, preserving her constancy amidst all the temptations which a sovereign can offer, and the persuasions of importunate friends, could not fail of giving a powerful support to any piece when sustained by Mrs. Chatterley. Much as we admire this lady, we never saw her to more advantage, and by her exertion she proved that she is as well qualified for scenes of pathetic tenderness as for those of spirit and vivacity. The character of Edgar was by no means happily sketched; and where the author was deficient, Mr. De Camp certainly did not prove an *aid de Camp*. All the other characters were too unimportant in the drama to intitle them to notice, if we except Miss Corri, who sung some simple airs very prettily. The piece was completely successful, and announced for repetition every evening, without a dissentient voice.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Mr. Egerton, the active manager of this theatre, closed it for the season on Tuesday night, when he delivered a modest and appropriate address.

Literature and Science.

Magnetism.—The Baron de Humboldt has discovered that there exists a singular analogy between the distribution of the magnetic powers and that of heat, and that they may equally be traced on the map of the two hemispheres, by curves, which indicate the degree of their intensity. These lines shew how, by the influence of great geological causes, the temperature varies in points situate under the same parallel, and how it is identical on points of different degrees of latitude. The laws of this deviation are deduced in a very luminous manner by M. de Humboldt; and we hope shortly to give a careful abstract of so important and curious a theory.

Tannin.—Several experiments have recently been made in France, on the various vegetables which yield tannin in greater quantity than oak bark.

The root of septfoil, (*tormentilla sylvestris*), found in sundry wet and poor lands and woods, and the male cormil tree, (*carnus*), a shrub that grows in all woods and hedges, where it is sown by birds, afford one third more tannin than oak-bark. The bark of the *alnus*, which grows with astonishing rapidity in all wet places; the weeping willow; the service tree, (*sorbus foliis primatis utriusque glabris*), cultivated by seed, shoots, and grafting, is the hardiest of all known trees, and furnishes the greatest quantity of tannin.

Properties of Sound.—Mr. Haldat, of the Royal Society of Nancy, recently read a memoir on the laws of the propagation of sound; the influence of the wind particularly struck his attention, and he seems to have pursued his subject with as much attention as if it had never been treated before. He is evidently ignorant of all the experiments on sound made in England since the time of Derham, for the following are all the conclusions he arrives at:—1. The wind exerts a real influence on the propagation of sound; 2. That its propagation is impeded and diminished against the wind, and augmented when going with it or against the wind; 3. That the increase and decrease are equal; 4. That the limit of propagation is very little altered in crossing the currents of the wind; 5. That the voice of an adult, speaking in a moderate tone, may be heard sixty-five paces, but that this distance is diminished or increased, according as it is against or with the wind, in the ratio of its rapidity.

The Bee.

—*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

It is, perhaps, known to but few people, that there lives still on the frontiers of Transylvania, a Roman colony, which has preserved its language almost pure, and is proud of its descent. When any member of this colony enlists into the Austrian service, he answers to the usual question, 'whence he comes?' I am a Roman (*Romanasum*.)

A barrister being at the point of death, made his will, and left all his fortune to a lunatic hospital: on being asked why he did so, 'he replied 'I wish my property to return to those who gave it me.'

Anecdote of his late Majesty.—When his late Majesty was residing at the palace of Kew, the Princess Charlotte,

then a little girl, was staying with the King; and it was his delight to take her out with him in his morning and evening walks. On one occasion, as she was going out into the garden from the White Horse at Kew, his Majesty said to the pages who were standing in the hall, 'Make way for this poor child.' On this the young princess remarked, 'I am not a poor child, grandpapa—indeed I am not.'—'Yes my dear, answered the king, 'you are, and I will tell you why. You are kept by the whole nation, and that makes you poor indeed; and as to the crown, I assure you it sits not light on the heads of those that wear it!' A fine method this of conveying an instructive moral to her mind; and of teaching, much more forcibly than a long didactic discourse could have done, the grace and humility on the one hand, and the virtue and gratitude on the other, of a princess to the subject.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'Critique on Sir Walter Scott's Remarks on Novelists and Dramatists,' 'The Death of Aguirre,' Y. F.'s Sonnet, 'Ancient and Modern Pharisees,' and 'Reconciliation,' in our next. The 'Praise of Poesy,' in an early number.

Errata: p. 540, col. 2, l. 6, for 'dornus' read 'domus'; p. 584, col. 3, l. 20, from bottom, for 'mighty' read 'nightly.' In part of our impression, p. 586, col. 2, l. 1, for 'indestructible warrior' read 'indestructible warrior.'

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This day was published, price 8s. 6d. sewed, **THE EAST INDIA REGISTER** and DIRECTORY, for 1821; containing:

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Printed for BLACK, KINGSBURY, PARBURY, and ALLEN, Leadenhall Street; and G. and W. B. WHITTAKER, Ave-Maria Lane.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationer's Court; Chapple, Pall Mall; Grapel, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and News-vendors.—Printed by Davidson, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.